W. FOXTON

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Shakespeare garden and wayside flowers

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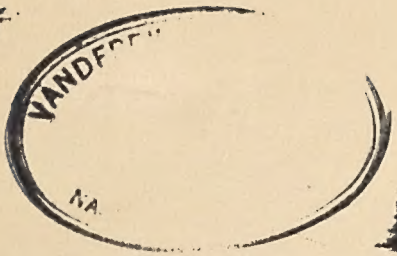
SHAKESPEARE GARDEN

Flowers mentioned in his Plays and Poems.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SHAKESPEARE GARDEN

AND

WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

WITH APPROPRIATE QUOTATIONS
FOR EVERY FLOWER.

BY

W. FOXTON.

FOXTON FURNISHING FABRICS

Illustrated by Albert Griffiths.

LONDON:
1, Paternoster Square, E.C.
1914

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A FOREWORD AS TO THE FLOWERS OF A SHAKESPEARE GARDEN AS APPLIED TO DESIGN.

THE flowering plants, shrubs, and trees of Shakespeare are very numerous, and in attempting to illustrate them in a design for hand-block printing one has, of necessity, to make a selection. I, therefore, confine my design to the garden and wayside flowers and well known shrubs mentioned in the Plays and Poems. The omissions are unimportant. Such plants as Nettles, Burdocks, Potatoes and sundry weeds, may well be imagined in their proper place in the garden at the back of Shakespeare's cottage.

It is well to remember, in connection with a work on Shakespeare's flora, that in his time herbs and wild flowers occupied a prominent position in garden culture. Plants then thought much of are now considered of no importance, or are forgotten.

The fabric is 52 ins. wide, and the coloured plate on the cover is a facsimile of the hand printed fabric, an added medallion of Shakespeare being the only exception; it is a British production in every detail. There are sixty-nine different flowers contained in the group; the ivy, oak, and laurel leaves are used as a setting for the bouquet. Every passage is given in which the flowers illustrated are mentioned, which

should provide added interest in the production. The Rose is the only exception, the references to which are too numerous to give in full. I have, therefore, selected applicable passages and named the Play, Act and Scene in which other references are to be found. Much has been written and said upon Shakespeare's beautiful and affectionate mention of flowers yet, no attempt, so far as I can ascertain, has been made at colour illustration.

In addition to the fascination of being able to associate a printed fabric with the sentiment and name of Shakespeare, there is the charm that the flowers dealt with are English flowers—flowers of the garden and wayside of rural Warwickshire : still, in season, to be found unsurpassed in their natural beauty and simplicity, as when Shakespeare sang of them so lovingly.

W. F.

March 2nd 1914.

lf-tone Block of the Printed Fabric showing repeats of the Design.

Buildings shown are Shakespeare's Cottage, Stratford-on-Avon, and the Old Globe Theatre (now pulled down), in Southwark.

LIST OF FLOWERS.

1 Aconite or Monk's-hood
2 Balm (Sweet)
3 Bramble
4 Brier—Eglantine (Wild Roses)
5 Broom
6 Burnet
7 Camomile
8 Carnation—Streaked
9 Clover Gillyvors
10 Cockle (Corn)
11 Columbine
12 Cowslip
13 Crow-Flowers (Ragged Robin)
14 Crown Imperial
15 Cuckoo-Buds or Flowers (Buttercup)
16 Daffodils
17 Daisies (Pied and White)
18 Eringoes (Sea Holly)
19 Fennel
20 Flax
21 Flower-de-Luce
22 Fumitory
23 Furze or Gorse
24 Harebell, or Wild Hyacinth
25 Hawthorn
26 Heath, or Ling
27 Hemlock
28 Holy Thistle
29 Honeysuckle, or Woodbine
30 Hyssop
31 Insane Root, or Henbane
32 Iris (Blue)
33 Knot Grass
34 Lady Smocks
35 Larks Heels, or Delphinium
36 Lavender
37 Lily (Madonna)
38 Long Purples, or Dead Men's Fingers
39 Mallow
40 Mandragora, or Mandrake
41 Marigold, or Marybuds
42 Marjoram (Sweet)
43 Mistletoe
44 Myrtle
45 Narcissus
46 Oxlip
47 Pansy
48 Peas
49 Pinks
50 Piony
51 Poppy
52 Plantain
53 Primrose
Roses (Cultivated)—
54 Rose (Provencal)
55 ,, (Musk)
56 ,, (Bud)
57 ,, (Damask)
58 ,, (White)
59 ,, (Red or Crimson)
60 ,, (York and Lancaster)
61 Rosemary
62 Rue
63 Saffron
64 Samphire
65 Thistle
66 Thyme
67 Vetches
68 Violets
69 Wormwood—Dian's Bud

INDEX TO THE FLOWERS AS ON PRECEDING PAGE.

Design Registed No. 84644.

"Here's Flowers for You."

Winter's Tale.

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1 ACONITE, or Monk's-hood.

KING HENRY: Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends:
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in),
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As Aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

2nd King Henry IV., Act IV., Sc. 4.

---

2 BALM (Sweet).

(1) QUICKLY:
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of Balm, and every precious flower.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V., Sc. 5.

(2) CLEOPATRA:
As sweet as Balm, as soft as air, as gentle.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act V., Sc. 2.

---

3 BRAMBLE.

(1) ROSALIND:
There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on Brambles.

As you Like It, Act III., Sc. 2.

(2) The thorny Brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part through whom he rushes.

Venus and Adonis, 629.

4 BRIER—Eglantine (Wild Rose).

(1) See Furze, Ref. 2.

ADRIANA: If aught possess thee from me it is dross.
(2) Usurping ivy, Brier, or idle moss.
Comedy of Errors, Act II., Sc. 2.

(3) See Cowslip, Ref. 1.

THISBE: Of colour like the red rose on triumphant Brier
(4) . . . . . .

PUCK: Through bog, through bush, through brake,
(5) through Brier.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III., Sc. 1.

PUCK: For Briers and thorns at their apparel snatch.
(6) *Ibid, Act III., Sc. 2.*

HERMIA: Never so weary, never so in woe;
(7) Bedabbled with the dew and torn with Briers.
Ibid, Act III., Sc. 2.

OBERON: By the dead and drowsy fire;
(8) Every elf and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from Brier.

ROSALIND: O, how full of Briers is this working-day word.
(9) *As you Like It, Act 1, Sc. 3.*

HELENA: When Briers shall have leaves as well as thorns
(10) And be as sweet as sharp.
All's Well that Ends Well, Act IV., Sc. 4.

POLYXENES: I'll have thy beauty scratched with Briers
(11) and made,
More homely than thy state.
Winter's Tale, Act IV., Sc. 3.

(12) See Roses, Ref. 26.

CORIOLANUS: Scratches with Briers.
(13) Scars to move laughter only.
Coriolanus, Act III., Sc. 3.

QUINTUS: What subtle hole is this,
(14) Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing Briers. *Titus Andronicus, Act II., Sc. 4.*

BRIER—Eglantine (Wild Rose)—*continued.*

TIMON : The oaks bear mast, the Briers scarlet hips.
(15) *Timon of Athens, Act IV., Sc. 3.*

OBERON : I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows ;
(16) Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine ;
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., Sc. 1.

ARVIRAGUS : With fairest flowers
(17) Whilst summer lasts, and I live here Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave ; thou shalt not lack
The flowers that like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.
Cymbeline, Act IV., Sc. 2.

---

5 BROOM.

IRIS : And thy Broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves
Being lass-lorn. *The Tempest, Act. IV., Sc. 1.*

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6 BURNET.

BURGUNDY : The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, Burnet, and green clover. *Henry V., Act V., Sc. 2.*

---

7 CAMOMILE.

FALSTAFF : Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied ; for though the Camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears.
1st Henry IV., Act II., Sc. 4.

8 CARNATION (Streaked Gillyvors).

PERDITA: The fairest flower o' the season
(1) Are our Carnations and streaked gillyvors
Which some call nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustic gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

POLYXENES: . . . . . .
(2) Then make you garden rich in gillyvors
And do not call them bastards.
Winter's Tale, Act IV., Sc. 3.

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9 CLOVER (Honeystalks).

(1) See reference "Burnet."

(2) TAMORA: I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Then baits to fish, or Honey stalks to sheep,
When, as one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.
Titus Andronicus, Act IV., Sc. 4.

---

10 COCKLE (Corn).

(1) BIRON: Allons! Allons! Sow'd Cockle reaped no corn.
Love's Labours Lost, Act IV., Sc. 3.

(2) CORIOLANUS: We nourish 'gainst our senate
The Cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have ploughed for,
sow'd and scattered,
By mingling them with us.
Coriolanus, Act III., Sc. 1.

---

11 COLUMBINE.

(1) ARMADO: I am that flower,
DUMAIN: That mint,
LONGAVILLE: That Columbine.
Love's Labours Lost, Act V., Sc. 2.

(2) OPHELIA: There's fennel for you and Columbines.
Hamlet, Act IV., Sc. 5.

12 COWSLIP.

(1) FAIRY: Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The Cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy's favours;
In those freckles live their savours.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., Sc. 1.

(2) THISBE: These yellow Cowslip cheeks.
Ibid, Act V., Sc. 1.

(3) ARIEL: Where the bee sucks there suck I,
In a Cowslip's bell I lie.
The Tempest, Act V., Sc. 1.

(4) IACHIMO: On her left breast
A mole, cinque spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a Cowslip.
Ibid, Act II., Sc. 2.

(5) QUEEN: The violets, Cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet.
Cymbeline, Act I., Sc. 6.

(6) See Burnet.

---

13 CROW FLOWERS (Ragged Robbin).

QUEEN: There is a willow grows askant the brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.
There with fantastic garlands, did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them. *Hamlet, Act IV., Sc. 7.*

14 CROWN IMPERIAL.

PERDITA: Bold oxlips, and
The Crown Imperial.
Winter's Tale, Act IV., Sc. 3.

---

15 CUCKOO-BUDS or FLOWERS (Buttercup).

SONG OF SPRING:

(1) When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.
Love's Labours Lost, Act V., Sc. 2.

(2) See Fumitory, Ref. 1.

---

16 DAFFODILS.

AUTOLYCUS: When Daffodils begin to peer—

(1) With heigh! the doxy over the dale—
Why, then comes in the sweets o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.
Winter's Tale, Act IV., Sc. 2.

PERDITA: O Proserpina

(2) For the flowers now that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon! Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath. *Winter's Tale, Act IV., Sc. 3.*

WOOER: With chaplets on their heads of daffodillies.

(3) *Two Noble Kinsmen, Act IV., Sc. 1.*

---

17 DAISIES.

(1) See Cuckoo-Buds, Ref. 1.

LUCIUS: My friends,

(2) The boy hath taught us manly duties; let us
Find out the prettiest Daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave. *Cymbeline, Act IV., Sc. 2.*

28 HOLY THISTLE.

BEATRICE : It is not enough, you should wear it in your cap, By my troth, I am sick.

MARGARET : Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart ; it is the only thing for a qualm.

HERO : There thou prick'st her with a Thistle.

BEATRICE : Benedictus ! Why Benedictus ? You have some moral in this Benedictus.

MARGARET : Moral ? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning ; I meant, plain holy Thistle.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act. III., Sc. 4.

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29 HONEYSUCKLE or WOODBINE.

HERO : And our whole discourse
(1) Is all of her ; say, that thou overheard'st us ;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where Honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act III., Sc. 1.

URSULA : So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
(2) Is couched in the Woodbine coverture,
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Ibid.

HOSTESS : O thou Honeysuckle villain !
(3) *2nd King Henry IV., Act II., Sc. 1.*

TITANIA : Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms,
(4) Fairies, begone, and be always away,
So doth the Woodbine, the sweet Honeysuckle,
Gently entwist ; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm,
O, how I love thee ! how I dote on thee !

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act IV., Sc. 1.

(5) See Eglantine, Ref. 16.

30 HYSSOP.

IAGO: Virtue? a fig! tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set Hyssop, and weed out thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.

Othello, Act I., Sc. 3.

---

31 INSANE ROOT or HENBANE.

BANQUO: Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the Insane Root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macbeth, Act I., Sc. 3.

---

32 IRIS, Blue.

ULYSSES: For that will physic the great Myrmidon,

(1) Who broils in loud applause, and makes him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.

Troilus and Cressida, Act I., Sc. 3.

(2) Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act I., Sc. 4.

---

33 KNOT GRASS.

LYSANDER: Get you gone you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering Knot Grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III., Sc. 2.

---

34 LADY-SMOCKS.

See Cuckoo-Buds.

---

35 LARKS-HEELS (Delphinium).

See Oxlip, Ref. 1.

36 LAVENDER.

PERDITA: Here's flowers for you;
Hot Lavender, mints, sovory marjoram.
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age.
Winter's Tale, Act IV., Sc. 3.

---

37 LILY.

SALISBURY: Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
(1) To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the Lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eyes of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.
King John, Act IV., Sc. 2.

CONSTANCE: Of nature's gifts thou mayst with Lilies boast,
(2) And with the half-blown rose.
Ibid, Act III., Sc. 1.

GUIDERIUS: O sweetest, fairest Lily!
(3) My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Cymbeline, Act IV., Sc. 2.

IMOGEN: How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh Lily!
(4) *Ibid, Act II., Sc. 2.*

(5) See Piony.

LAUNCE: Sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is
(6) as white as a Lily and as small as a wand.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II., Sc. 3.

JULIA: The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
(7) And pinch'd the Lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.
Ibid, Act IV., Sc. 4.

THISBE: Most radiant Pyramus, most Lily-white of hue.
(8) *Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III., Sc. 1.*

LILY—*continued.*

THISBE: These Lily brows.
(9) *Ibid, Act V., Sc. 1.*

PRINCESS: Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
(10) As the unsullied Lily.
Love's Labours Lost, Act V., Sc. 2.

QUEEN KATHERINE: Like the Lily
(11) That once was mistress of the field and flourished
I'll hang my head and perish.
King Henry VIII., Act III., Sc. 1.

CRANMER: But she must die,
(12) She must, the saints must have her,—yet a virgin;
A most unspotted Lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.
Ibid, Act V., Sc. 4.

MARCUS: O, had the monster seen those Lily hands
(13) Tremble like aspen leaves, upon a lute.
Titus Andronicus, Act II., Sc. 5.

TITUS: Then fresh tears,
(14) Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd Lily almost withered.
Ibid, Act III., Sc. 1.

TROILUS: O, be thou my Charon,
(15) And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lily beds
Proposed for the deserver.
Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Sc. 2.

(16) For sweetest things turn 'sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.
Sonnet XCIV.

(17) Nor did I wonder at the Lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you. *Ibid XCVIII.*

(18) See Marjoram, Ref. 2.

DAISIES—*continued.*

OPHELIA: There's fennel for you, and columbines;

(3) There's rue for you; and here's some for me,
We may call it herb of grace o' Sundays;
You may wear your rue with a difference.
There's a Daisy;—I would give you
Some violets, but they withered all
When my father died. *Hamlet, Act IV., Sc. 5.*

(4) See Crow-flowers.

(5) Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Shew'd like an April Daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night,
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathe'd their light
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.
Lucrece, verse 57.

(6) See Pinks, Ref. 1.

---

18 ERINGOES (Sea Holly).

FALSTAFF: Let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves';
hail kissing-comfits, and snow Eringoes.
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V., Sc. 5.

---

19 FENNEL.

(1) See Columbine, Ref. 2.

DOLL Tear-Sheet:

(2) Why does the prince love him so then?

FALSTAFF: Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays quoits well; and eats conger and Fennel.
2nd Henry IV., Act II., Sc. 4.

---

20 FLAX.

(1) SIR TOBY: Excellent, it hangs like Flax on a distaff.
Twelfth Night, Act I., Sc. 3.

Other references are:—

(2) *Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V., Sc. 5.*
(3) *Winter's Tale, Act I., Sc. 2.*
(4) *2nd Henry VI., Act V., Sc. 2.*
(5) *Hamlet, Act IV., Sc. 5.*
(6) *King Lear, Act III., Sc. 7.*
(7) *Two Noble Kinsmen, Act V., Sc. 3.*

21 FLOWER-de-LUCE.

PERDITA: Lilies of all kinds
(1) The Flower-de-Luce being one.
Winter's Tale, Act IV., Sc. 3.

KING HENRY: If ever thou be'st mine, Kate (as I have a
(2) saving faith within me tells me thou shalt), I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder; shalt not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? Shall we not? What sayest thou, my fair Flower-de-Luce.
King Henry V., Act V., Sc. 2.

MESSENGER: Let not sloth dim your honours, new begot
(3) Cropped are the Flower-de-Luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.
1st King Henry VI., Act I., Sc. 1.

LA PUCELLE: I am prepared; here is my keen edged
(4) sword,
Decked with five Flower-de-Luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in St. Katherine's churchyard,
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.
1st King Henry VI., Act I., Sc. 2.

YORK: From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right
(5) And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head;
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful King.
Ah, sancta majestas! who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle naught but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul;
On which I'll toss the Flower-de-Luce of France.
2nd King Henry VI., Act V., Sc. 1.

22 FUMITORY.

CORDELIA : Alack, 'tis he! Why he was met even now
(1) As mad as the vexéd sea ; singing aloud ;
Crown'd with rank Fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlocks, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.
King Lear, Act IV., Sc. 4.

BURGUNDY : Her fallow leas
(2) The darnel, hemlock, and rank Fumitory,
Doth root upon.
King Henry V., Act V., Sc. 2.

---

23 FURZE or GORSE.

GONZALO : Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea
(1) for an acre of barren ground ; long heath, brown Furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.
The Tempest, Act I., Sc. 1.

ARIEL : Then I beat my tabor
(2) At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music ; so I charmed their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing followed, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp Furze, prickling goss and thorns
Which entered their frail shins.
Ibid, Act IV., Sc. 1.

---

24 HAREBELL.

ARVIRAGUS : Thou shalt not lack
(1) The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azured Harebell, like thy veins.
Cymbeline, Act IV., Sc. 2.

---

25 HAWTHORN.

HELENA : O, happy pair! Your eyes are lode-stars ; and your tongues sweet air,
(1) More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when Hawthorn buds appear.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I., Sc. 1.

HAWTHORN—*continued.*

QUINCE: Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient
(2) place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this Hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.
Ibid, Act III., Sc. 1.

(3) See Bramble, Ref. 1.

FALSTAFF: What made me love thee? let that persuade
(4) thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping Hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklesbury in simple-time. I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III., Sc. 3.

KING HENRY: Gives not the Hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
(5) To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To Kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousandfold it doth.
3rd Henry VI., Act II., Sc. 5.

EDGAR: Through the sharp Hawthorn blows the cold wind.
(6) Still through the Hawthorn blows the cold wind.
King Lear, Act III., Sc. 4.

ARCITE: Again betake you to yon Hawthorn house.
(7) *Two Noble Kinsmen, Act III., Sc. 1.*

---

26 HEATH or LING.

Long Heath brown furze, anything.
The Tempest, Act I., Sc. 1.

See Furze.

---

27 HEMLOCK.

(1) THIRD WITCH: Root of Hemlock digg'd i' the dark.
Macbeth, Act IV., Sc. 1.

(2) See Fumitory, Ref. 1 and 2.

LILY—*continued.*

(19) This silent war of Lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field.
Lucrece, verse 11.

(20) Her Lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss. *Ibid, 56.*

(21) The colour in thy face
That even for anger makes the Lily pale
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace.
Ibid, 69.

(22) A Lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.
Passionate Pilgrim V.

(23) Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A Lily prison'd in a jail of snow.
Venus and Adonis, 61.

(24) Whose wonted Lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd.
Ibid, 176.

(25) And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her Lily fingers one in one. *Ibid, 38.*

KENT: A Lily livered, action-taking knave.
(26) *King Lear, Act. II., Sc. 2.*

MACBETH: Thou Lily-liver'd boy.
(27) *Macbeth, Act V., Sc. 3.*

(28) See Flower-de-luce, Ref. 1.

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38 LONG PURPLES, or DEAD MEN'S FINGERS.

See Crow-flowers.

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39 MALLOW.

ANTONIO: He'd sow it with nettle-seed.
SEBASTIAN: Or docks, or Mallows.
Tempest, Act II., Sc. 1.

40 MANDRAGORA or MANDRAKE.

(1) Alack, alack! is it not like that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like Mandrakes torn out of the earth
That living mortals, hearing them run mad.
Romeo and Juliet, Act IV., Sc. 3.

CLEOPATRA: Ha, Ha!
(2) Give me to drink Mandragora.
CHARMIAN: Why, madam?
CLEOPATRA: That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act I., Sc. 5.

(3) See Poppy.

FALSTAFF: And the women called him Mandrake.
(4) *2nd King Henry IV., Act III., Sc. 2.*

FALSTAFF: Thou Mandrake.
(5) *Ibid, Act I., Sc. 2.*

SUFFOLK: A plague upon them! wherefore should I
(6) curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrake's groan.
2nd Henry VI., Act III., Sc. 2.

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41 MARIGOLD.

(1) See Lavender.

MARINA: No, no, I will rob Tillus of her weeds,
(2) To strew thy green with flowers; the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and Marigolds
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. *Pericles, Act IV., Sc. 1.*

SONG: Hark! hark! The lark at heaven's gate sings,
(3) And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes. *Cymbeline, Act II., Sc. 1.*

(4) See Oxlip, Ref. 1.

MARIGOLD—*continued.*

(5) Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the Marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried
For at a frown they in their glory die. *Sonnets XXV.*

(6) See Daisy, Ref. 5.

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42 MARJORAM.

CLOWN: Indeed, Sir, she was the sweet Marjoram of the
(1) salad,
Or rather, the herb of grace.

LAFEN: They are not salad herbs, you knave, they are nose herbs.
All's Well That Ends Well, Act IV., Sc. 5.

(2) The lily I condemned for thy hand;
And buds of Marjoram had stolen thy hair.
Sonnets XCVIII.

(3) LEAR: Give the word.
EDGAR: Sweet Marjoram.
LEAR: Pass. *King Lear, Act VII., Sc. 6.*

(4) See Lavender.

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43 MISTLETOE.

TAMORA: The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean
O'ercome with moss and baleful Mistletoe.
Titus Andronicus, Act II., Sc. 3.

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44 MYRTLE.

EUPHRONIUS: I was of late as petty to his ends
(1) As is the morn-dew on the Myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act III., Sc. 10.

ISABELLA: Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous
(2) bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft Myrtle.
Measure for Measure, Act II., Sc. 2.

MYRTLE—*continued.*

(3) Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her,
Under a Myrtle shade, began to woo him.

Passionate Prilgrim IV.

(4) This said, she hasteth to a Myrtle grove.

Venus and Adonis 145.

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45 NARCISSUS.

EMILIA: This garden has a world of pleasures in't.
(1) What flower is this?

WOMAN: T'is called Narcissus, madam.
EMILIA: That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself; were there no maids enough?

Two Noble Kinsmen, Act II., Sc. 2.

EMILIA: Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
(2) *Ibid, Act IV., Sc. 2.*

(3) Narcissus so himself himself forsook
And died to kiss his shadow in a brook.

Venus and Adonis 160.

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46 OXLIP.

SONG: Primrose, first born child of Ver,
(1) Merry spring-time's harbinger
With her bells dim,
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on deathbeds blowing,
Larks-heels trim. *Two Noble Kinsmen.*

(2) See Brier or Eglantine, Ref. 16.

(3) See Crown Imperial.

47 PANSY.

OBERON: That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),
(1) Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd, a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, thronèd by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-Idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once;
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., Sc. 2.

OBERON: Be, as thou wast wont to be;
(2) See, as thou wast wont to see
Dian's bud, o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Ibid, Act IV., Sc. 1.

OPHELIA: And there is Pansies, that's for thoughts.
(3) *Hamlet, Act IV., Sc. V.*

LUCENTIO: But see! while idly I stood looking on,
(4) I found the effect of Love-in-Idleness.
Taming of the Shrew, Act I., Sc. 1,

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48 PEAS.

IRIS: Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
(1) Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and Pease;
The Tempest, Act IV., Sc. 1.

BIRON: This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons Peas;
(2) And utters it again when God doth please.
Love's Labours Lost, Act V., Sc. 2.

PEAS—*continued.*

BOTTOM: I had rather have a handful or two of dried Peas.
(3) *Midsummer Night's Dream, Act IV., Sc. 1.*

MALVOLIO: Not yet old enough for a man, nor young
(4) enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a Peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple; 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. *Twelfth Night, Act I., Sc. 5.*

TOUCHSTONE: And I remember the wooing of a Peascod
(5) instead of her. *As You Like It, Act II., Sc. 4.*

LEONTES: How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
(6) This squash, this gentleman.
Winter's Tale, Act I., Sc. 2.

CARRIER: Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog.
(7) *1st King Henry IV., Act II., Sc. 1.*

HOSTESS: Well, fare thee well; I have known thee these
(8) twenty-nine years, come Peasecod time; but an honester and truer hearted man,—well, fare thee well. *2nd King Henry IV., Act 2.*

FOOL: That's a shealed Peascod.
(9) *King Lear, Act I., Sc. 4.*

(10) Pease-blossom (A Fairy). *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

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49 PINKS.

(1) Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue.
Maiden Pinks, of odour faint
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint
And sweet thyme true. *Two Noble Kinsmen* SONG.

(2) ROMEO: A most courteous exposition.
MERCUTIO: Nay, I am the very Pink of courtesy.
ROMEO: Pink for flower.
MERCUTIO: Right.
ROMEO: Why, then is my pump well flowered.
Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Sc. 4.

50 PIONY.

IRIS : Thy banks with pioned and lilied brims
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns.
The Tempest, Act IV., Sc. 1.

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51 POPPY.

IAGO : Not Poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.
Othello, Act III., Sc. 3.

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52 PLANTAIN.

PALAMON : These poor slight sores
(1) Need not a Plantain.
Two Noble Kinsmen, Act I., Sc. 2.

COSTARD : No enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy ; no salve in the mail, sir. O, sir, Plantain, a plain Plantain ; no l'envoy, no l'envoy ; no salve, sir, but a Plantain !

ARMADO : Come hither, come hither, how did this argu-
(2) ment begin ?

MOTH : By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

COSTARD : True, and I for a Plantain : thus came your argument in.
Love's Labours Lost, Act III., Sc. 1.

BENVOLIO : One desperate grief cures with anothers languish ;
(3) Take thou some new infection to thy eye ;
And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROMEO : Your Plantain leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO : For what, I pray thee ?

ROMEO : For your broken shin.
Romeo and Juliet, Act I., Sc. 2.

53 PRIMROSES.

(1) Witness this Primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me.

Venus and Adonis, verse 26.

(2) See Cowslip, Ref. 5.

(3) See Brier, Ref. 17.

(4) See Oxlip, Ref. 1.

QUEEN: I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
(5) Look pale as primrose with blood drinking sighs,
And all to have the duke alive.

2nd King Henry VI., Act III., Sc. 2.

HERMIA: And in the wood, where often you and I
(6) Upon faint Primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet;
There my Lysander and myself shall meet.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I., Sc. 1.

PERDITA: Pale Primroses,
(7) That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids.

Winter's Tale, Act IV., Sc. 3.

OPHELIA: But, good my brother,
(8) Do not as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the Primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own read.

Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 3.

PORTER: I had thought to have let in some of all pro-
(9) fessions, that go the Primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.

Macbeth, Act II., Sc. 3.

54-60 ROSES.

(1) See Lily, Ref. 7.

(2) *Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III., Sc. 1.*

(3) *Much Ado About Nothing, Act I., Sc. 3.*

(4) *Love's Labours Lost, Act I., Sc. 1.*

KING: So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
(5) To those fresh morning drops upon the Rose.
Love's Labours Lost, Act IV., Sc. 3.

(6) PRINCESS: How blow? How blow? Speak to be understood

BOYET: Fair ladies, masked, are Roses in their bud;
Dismasked, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels veiling clouds, or Roses blown.
Love's Labours Lost, Act V., Sc. 2.

TITANIA: Some to kill cankers in the Musk-Rose buds.
(7) *Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., Sc. 3.*

TITANIA: And stick Musk-Roses in thy sleek, smooth head.
(8) *Midsummer Night's Dream, Act IV., Sc. 1.*

(9-10) *Ibid, Act I., Sc. 1 (two references).*

TITANIA: The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts,
(11) Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose:
And on old Hyem's chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds,
Is, as in mockery, set.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., Sc. 2.

(12) *Ibid, Act III., Sc. 1.*

(13) *As You Like It, Act III., Sc. 2.*

(14) *Taming of the Shrew, Act I., Sc. 1.*

(15) *Ibid, Act II., Sc. 1.*

(16) *All's Well that Ends Well, Act. I., Sc. 2.*

ROSES—*continued.*

DIANA : Ay, so you serve us,
(17) Till we serve you : but when you have our Roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
All's Well that Ends Well, Act IV., Sc. 2.

DUKE : Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
(18) Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :
For women are as Roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Twelfth Night, Act II., Sc. 4.

(19) *Ibid, Act III., Sc. 1.*

AUTOLYCUS : Gloves as sweet as damask Roses.
(20) *Winter's Tale, Act IV., Sc. 3.*

(21) *King John, Act I., Sc. 1.*

(22) See Lily, Ref. 2.

(23) *Richard II., Act V., Sc. 1.*

(24) *1st King Henry IV., Act I., Sc. 3.*

(25) *2nd King Henry IV., Act II., Sc. 4.*

PLANTAGENET : Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to
(26) speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts :
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white Rose with me.

SOMERSET : Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this thorn with me.

VERNON : Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white Rose side.

SOMERSET : Prick not your finger as you pluck it off ;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white Rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

ROSES—*continued.*

WARWICK: Will I upon thy party wear this Rose:
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple Garden,
Shall send, between the red Rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
1st King Henry VI., Act II., Sc. 4.

NOTE.—In the Temple Garden Scene from which the above passages are extracted there are thirteen more references to the White and Red Rose of York and Lancaster.

(27-29) Three references. *1st Henry VI., Act IV., Sc. 1.*

YORK: Then will I raise aloft the milk-white Rose,
(30) With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed;
And in my standard bear the Arms of York
To grapple with the House of Lancaster.
2nd Henry VI., Act I., Sc. 1.

(31-32) Two references. *3rd Henry VI., Act I., Sc. 1.*

(33) *3rd Henry VI., Act I., Sc. 2.*

(34) *3rd Henry VI., Act II., Sc. 5.*

(35) *3rd Henry VI., Act V., Sc. 1.*

TYRRELL: Their lips were four red Roses on a stalk.
(36) Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
King Richard III., Act IV., Sc. 3.

(37) *Ibid, Act V., Sc. 4.*

JULIET: What's in a name? That which we call a Rose,
(38) By any other name would smell as sweet.
Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Sc. 2.

(39) *Ibid, Act IV., Sc. 1.*

(40) *Ibid, Act V., Sc. 1.*

(41) *Timon of Athens, Act IV., Sc. 3.*

OPHELIA: O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
(42) The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and Rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers.
Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 1.

ROSES—*continued*.

HAMLET : With two provencal Roses on my razed shoes.
(43) *Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 2.*

(44) *Ibid, Act III., Sc. 4.*

(45) *Ibid, Act IV., Sc., 5.*

(46) *Othello, Act IV., Sc. 2.*

(47) *Ibid, Act V., Sc. 2.*

48-49) Two references. *Antony & Cleopatra, Act III., Sc.2.*

(50) *Pericles, Act IV., Sc. 6.*

(51) *Ibid, Act V., Sc. 1.*

(52) See Pinks, Ref. 1.

EMILIA : Of all flowers
(53) Methinks a Rose is best.
WOMAN : Why, gentle madam?
EMILIA : It is the very emblem of a maid.
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes. When the north winds near her,
Rude and impatient, then like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers.
Two Noble Kinsmen, Act II., Sc. 2.

(54) *Ibid, Act IV., Sc. 1.*

(55) *Ibid, Act V., Sc. 1.*

(56) *Venus and Adonis, verse 1.*

(57) *Ibid, verse 2.*

(58) *Ibid, verse 96.*

(59) *Ibid, verse 99.*

(60) *Ibid, verse 156.*

ROSES—*continued*

(61) See Lily, Ref. 19.

(62) *Lucrece, verse 37.*

(63-64) See Lily, Ref. 20, 21 (Two).

(65) *Lucrece, verse 71.*

(66) *Sonnet, verse 1.*

(67) No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.

Sonnets, verse 35.

(68) *Ibid, verse 54.*

(69) *Ibid, verse 67.*

(70) *Ibid, verse 95.*

(71) See Lily, Ref. 17.

(72) The Roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath.

Sonnets, verse 99.

(73) *Ibid, verse 109.*

(74) *Ibid, verse 116.*

(75) I have seen Roses damask'd red and white,
But no such Roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

Sonnets, verse 130.

(76) *The Passionate Pilgrim, verse 7.*

EDGAR: The country gives me proof and precedent,
(1) Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of Rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometimes with prayers,
Enforce their charity. *King Lear, Act II., Sc. 3.*

BAWD: Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with Rose-
(2) mary and bays. *Pericles, Act IV., Sc. 6.*

PERDITA: Give me those flowers there, Dorcas—Reverend
(3) Sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and saviour all the winter long;
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing.
Winter's Tale, Act IV., Sc. 3.

NURSE: Doth not Rosemary and Romeo begin with a
(4) letter?
ROMEO: Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.
NURSE: Ah, mocker! that's the dogs name: R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.
Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Sc. 4.

(5) She's not well married that lives married long;
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your Rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet, nature's tears are reason's merriment.
Ibid, Act IV., Sc. 5.

OPHELIA: There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance
(6) pray you, love, remember.
Hamlet, Act IV., Sc. 5.

62 RUE, Herb of Grace.

GARDNER : Poor Queen ! so that thy state might be no
(1) worse
I would my skill were subject to thy curse—
Here did she drop a tear ; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace.
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In remembrance of a weeping queen.
King Richard II., Act III., Sc. 4.

(2) See Marjoram, No. 1.
(3) See Rosemary, No. 3.
(4) See Daisy, No. 3.

ANTONY : Grace grow where those drops fall.
(5) *Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Sc. 2.*

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63 SAFFRON.

CERES : Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
(1) Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;
Who, with thy Saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers.
The Tempest, Act IV., Sc. 1.

(2) I must have " Saffron " to colour the warden pies.
Winter's Tale, Act IV., Sc. 2.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus : Did this companion with the
(3) Saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day.
Comedy of Errors, Act IV., Sc. 4.

LAFEN : No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt
(4) taffeta fellow there ; whose villanous Saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughty youth of a nation in his colour.
All's Well That Ends Well, Act IV., Sc. 5.

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64 SAMPHIRE.

How fearful
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles ; half way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire.
King Lear, Act IV., Sc. 6.

65 THISTLE.

BURGUNDY: And nothing teems
(1) But hateful docks, rough Thistles, kecksies, burs.
King Henry V., Sc. 2.

BOTTOM: Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your
(2) weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a Thistle; and good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act IV., Sc. 1.

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66 THYME.

THYME: I know a bank where the wild Thyme blows.
(1) *Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., Sc. 1.*
(2) See Hyssop.
(3) See Pinks, Ref. 1.

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67 VETCHES.

See Peas, No. 1.

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68 VIOLETS.

ANGELO: That, lying by the Violet in the sun,
(1) Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season.
Measure for Measure, Act II., Sc. 2.

(2) See Brier or Eglantine, Ref. 16.

DUKE: If music be the food of love, play on,—
(3) Give me excess of it; that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die,—
That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of Violets,
Stealing and giving odour.
Twelfth Night, Act I., Sc. 1.

(4) See Daffodils, Ref. 2.

(5) See Lily, Ref. 1.

DUCHESS: Welcome, my son; who are the Violets now,
(6) That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?
King Richard II., Act 5, Sc. 2.

VIOLETS—*continued.*

KING HENRY: I think the king is but a man, as I am;
(7) the Violet smells to him as it doth to me.
King Henry V., Act IV., Sc. 2.

LAERTES: A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
(8) Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more. *Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 3.*

(9) See Daisies, Ref. 3.

(10) Lay her i'the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May Violets spring. *Hamlet, Act V., Sc. 1.*

(11) See Cowslip, Ref. 5.

(12) They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head.
Cymbeline, Act IV., Sc, 2.

(13) See Cuckoo Buds, Ref. 1.

(14) See Marigold, Ref. 2.

(15) These blue-veined Violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.
Venus and Adonis, verse 21.

(16) Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the Violet. *Ibid, verse 156.*

(17) When I behold the Violet past prime
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
Then of thy beauty do I question make
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow.
Sonnet, verse 12.

(18) The forward Violet thus did I chide;
Sweet thief, whence did'st thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? *Ibid, verse 99.*

69 WORMWOOD, or Dian's Bud.

ROSALINE: To weed this Wormwood from your fruitful
(1) brain,
And therewithal to win me.
Love's Labours Lost, Act V., Sc. 2.

NURSE: When it did taste the Wormwood on the nipple,
(2) Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool.
Romeo and Juliet, Act I., Sc. 3.

HAMLET: That's Wormwood.
(3) *Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 2.*

(4) Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter Wormwood taste;
Sonnets, verse 128.

OBERON: Be, as thou wast wont to be;
(5) (Touching her eyes with a herb)
See, as thou wast wont to see;
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act IV., Sc. 1.

aylord
MPHLET BINDER
Syracuse, N. Y.
Stockton, Calif.

DATE DUE

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